

12
B O X - H I L L,

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

By E D W A R D B E A V A N.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILKIE, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCLXXVII.

[Price Two Shillings.]

BOX-HILL

DESCRIPTIVE FORM

BY EDWARD BLAVAIN



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1851.

[Price Two Shillings.]

B O X - H I L L.

THE wakeful larks now quit their pallets grey,
 And joyous soaring, hail the day's return :
 The cocks alarm'd their clarion boldly found,
 The rural nymphs and lab'ring swains to rouse.
 From eastern hills, see, rosy Phœbus peeps ;
 His animating face now grand appears.

Now while the sparkling dew-drops deck the vale,
 And morning's sweets enrich the vernal air,
 Health, lovely nymph ! invites abroad to roam.
 Her welcome summons chearful I obey,
 Before the sun displays his sweltering rage,
 My steps direct to ARUNDEL's fam'd hill.*

* Box-Hill was planted with box trees by the Earl of Arundel, in the reign of King Charles the First.

CLIO divine ! Oh, aid my youthful quill,
 Thy cheering smiles may tempt to vent'rous song ;
 But should I fail to colour the high scene,
 Impede, fair PEACE, the baneful critic's rage ;
 Left hostile frowns dismay my timid mind,
 And force to throw aside the untun'd lyre.

Behold ! the fertile vale, a pleasing scene,
 Its verd'rous face bespeak a grateful soil,
 Where busy nymphs and swains industrious strive,
 In bounteous culture eager to excel.
 O, happy tribe ! how blest'd they pass the day !
 Slow moving time swift glides with merry song,
 While kind Content spreads wide her downy wings,
 Then haste, ere night's dull shades enclose the scene,
 To humble cots, where blooming youth enjoy
 Their parents' smiles, and sink to cheering rest.
 O, happy swains ! rich Autumn will repay
 Your honest toil, and fruitful treasures pour
 From her huge horn, the prostrate globe that cheers.

Bright

Bright Peru's mines your riches far surpass,
 Or Ind'a's Gems, for which Ambition's sons
 Such deeds transact as flock the savage breast.

His bleating care a youthful shepherd leads,
 Eager to browse, they climb the rising hill,
 The herbage sweet,* esteem'd a dainty cate.
 But hark ! how sweetly sounds his rustic pipe,
 The fair that flav'd his happy breast the theme ;
 Her rigorous heart had long his suit disdain'd,
 Till he surpass'd his rival at the wake,
 In generous costly cheer, and ribbons gay ;
 To buy the magic ring this morn he vow'd,
 At once to bury all his jealous care.

Now having gain'd the hill's stupendous top,
 I ravish'd gaze around, around I gaze,
 My wilder'd sight, unable where to fix

* The short herbage, intermixed with wild thyme, with which the downy parts of Surry abound ; hence the mutton is esteem'd for its peculiar sweetness.

The varied landkip gay and rural form'd;
 But ere I trace the lovely mingled scene,
 Immerge, my muse, and view the vernal shade.
 -----A mofs-clad walk invites my wand'ring steps,
 And imperceptibly in labyrinths lead;
 While here and there admiring eyes behold
 A lovely lawn, fecluded from the world:
 Here might the lone recluse for ever dwell,
 Well pleas'd to find fuch solitary shades.
 For when creation's strip'd of liv'ry gay,
 By bluft'ring Winter's cold, inclement hand,
 Proud of their lafting charms, thefe lovely groves,
 With fcorn behold his cruel, favage rage.

Still deeper midft thefe darkfome walks I ftay,
 Now fudden stopp'd; for, lo! the thick-fet fhade,
 Unpaffable, obrufts my wand'ring feet:
 And fee, furpriz'd, fwift flees a tim'rous hare:
 The ruftling leaves, if but a zephyr move;
 Fell man's approach the fears, or dreads his wiles.

Oh,

Oh, cruel man ! thy adamant heart
To numerous ills subject the reptile race.

The eager sportsmen oft have curs'd this hill ;

For when the harrafs'd hare is hard beset,

Or woodcock, wandering, persecuted bird,

Or beauteous partridge, or surpassing phes',

These thick, impervious, friendly groves they seek.

AUGUSTA's sons who drain the sylvan scene

Of choicest stores, oft view with envious eye

Thy rising charms, and selfish purchase make.

Then soon the fatal ax's strokes succeed,

Low fall the ancient trees ; affrighted birds

Take wing, pathetic moan their covert's doom.

A copious vehicle then slow conveys

The costly, high-pil'd load to busy towns,

Where curious artisans ingenious form

Rules, stoffs, and toys, for the admiring globe.

The love-lost mournful swains to LUKEY's haste,*

* Lukey's music-shop in Cheapside.

His vocal much-fam'd boxen flutes to buy!
Whose melody the coldest heart oft melts.

The solitary groves I sudden leave,
And now the day Sol's cheerful face illumes.
Hark ! the feathery tribe now joyous send,
From every neighb'ring brake, and bush, and tree,
Diversity of Songs, from soft to loud,
Slow melancholy tunes to lively gay,
From yonder barn discordant sound swift fly,
The thresher's flail the pleasing concert mars.
Oh, woe reverse ! there late arose so gay,
A crouded pile,* incontinence's delight ;
That Virtue, lovely maid, at length supprest,
And instant levell'd to the ground the feat.

The distant landscape gay now courts the view :
Descend, my muse, and view the varied vale.
Beneath yon chalky hills, see REIGATE'S town ;

* An house of ill fame, now abolished.

Lo, ruins tell its abject venal state ;*
 Cot after cot, in sad succession drop,
 For there despotic reigns the mouldering power.
 North of the town, upon a rising ground,
 The antiquarian's friend, Tradition, tells
 By Saxons rear'd, a fortress large once stood ;†
 The pile's foundation scarce you now can trace :
 For long has time and civil broils laid low,
 No more the town's defence, its lofty tow'rs.
 How mutable the world ! if structures proud,
 Of massy work such direful change oft feel ;
 Nor wonder man's attenuated thread,
 Of blustering storms so much the gamesome sport,
 Is sudden snapt, or moulders into dust.

* Almost the whole town is become the property of the Hon. J. Yorke and Sir Charles Cocks, its representatives.

† An ancient castle, in the time of the civil wars, was in possession of Lord Monson, who forfeited it to the crown, for treasonable practices. Charles the Second, at his restoration, granted the manor and castle to his brother the Duke of York ; and at the Revolution, King William granted them to Lord Somers, upon whose death it came to James Cox, Esq. who was then one of the representatives of this town in parliament.

A dismal vault, beneath the mount obscures
 Sol's generous light ; it seems for treason form'd ;
 JOHN's barons there,† for secrecy, retir'd
 To counsel sage, ere they in arms appear'd,
 And valiant strove to cope with his great scheme.
 The church, a free-stone structure, lofty stands,
 Whose vaults contain the mouldering bones and dust,
 Once animate by HOWARD's noble blood ; ||
 Their high descent grand monuments declare.

South of the town, where's late a villa gay ;
 Five centuries ago, a priory saw,*
 Founded by WARREN's Earl, but now no more :
 For, in the general wreck this met its fate. ‡

† At the end of this vault is a room, in which the barons, who took arms against King John, had their private meetings.

|| Under the chancel are several monuments of the family of the Howards Earls of Nottingham.

* Priory of Black Canons, founded by William Warren, Earl of Surrey, about the year 1245. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the Holy Cross, and at the dissolution, its revenue was valued at 77*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* *per annum*. It was given to the Earl of Nottingham, and was afterwards sold to Sir John Parsons, Lord Mayor of London, and was lately in the possession of Mr. Parsons, Sir John's grandson.

‡ At the dissolution.

Behold

[11]

Behold the miser, how he greedy views
 His stately feat, perhaps to-morrow dooms;
 A marble chimney-piece, or oaken-floor,
 Or cloyster's pavement, e'en the cryстал glass,
 (For, lo, the windows, 'mit the sweltering storm)
 Alchymist-like he turns to glittering gold:
 His idol chest the pond'rous self receives,
 Which oft he visits, when suppos'd to pray.
 But what avail, ah, hypocrite! thy prayers?
 Unthaw thy frozen heart, thy stores display,
 And let thy breast fair Charity dilate;
 Then, niggard wretch, go seek the humble poor,
 Who now, thy pass, thy barr'd, unfriendly gate;
 Illume their woe-pierc'd hearts, and feel the joy,
 As yet unfelt, of tender sympathy.

To BEACHWORTH's rural scenes my muse is fled,
 Where happy cots in decent neatness vie;
 While, here and there, arise aspiring feats.
 See from the new-form'd school, how eager boys

As flow yon turret clock proclaims the hour,
 Which for this day declares their labour past :
 This welcome hour, their liberty renew.
 To train the humble youth, subscription free,
 Oh, laudable design ! the school supports.
 Now learning beams, dull Ignorance fast flies,
 Who late did dwell 'midst the untutor'd throng.

Lo ! my feet Death's spacious court flow treads,
 A solemn scene, here all distinction ends.
 Near to the church is seen a mansion gay,*
 The admiring sight its elegance surprize,
 Around's display'd a landscape fit for REED.
 Rich smiling pastures, deck'd with clumps of trees,
 Of elm, fir, ash, 'terspers'd with stately oak,
 Whose shade the fleecy flock and cattle seek :
 In serpentine meanders glide the MOLE ;
 Beneath fine green cloath'd woods, which gentle rise.

* Seat of Christopher Hervey, Esq.

Through corn-fields flow I roam, where generous Art
 Illumes the Dale,† entic'd by Nature's smiles,
 Ent'ring a gate, I trace a dreary wild,‡
 Where well is plann'd the striking desert scene.
 In haste I quit the doleful gloomy shade.
 Close by its side, for solitude design'd,
 Low rise a pile,* of rough-cast, antique face,
 Environ'd by ancient trees, that careful shade,
 And stay the fury of the roaring storm :
 Here oft' is heard the curst nocturnal bird,
 And raven's screams, while fleeting goblins pass,
 Or deem'd to pass by magic fancy's wiles.
 A fine canal before the pile spreads wide,
 O'er which the quiv'ring zephyrs fondly play :
 Beneath, fine beauteous carp, and dainty tench,
 Of salutary kind, in shoals are seen.

† Tranquil Dale, late Christopher Kilby's, Esq.

‡ Wilderness in the above garden.

* Model of a priory.

Thro' a thick-set vocal grove I stray,
 And o'er a bridge, Palladian form'd, I pass,
 A view commanding of the distant wild,
 Serene canal, and venerable pile :
 Here gurgling down a rough descent of rocks
 Expand the crystal stream : the neighb'ring slopes
 A view afford of the luxurious soil,
 That covers fine the sod with lovely green,
 And tufts of fragrant flow'rs of various hue.

Now down a darksome o'er-arch'd walk I stray,
 To where kind breezes flow, a calm retreat ;*
 Nor enters heat, but coolness ever reigns ;
 Close by, a bath of mineral water rise,
 As crystal clear, the salutary spring
 Runs tinkling down, polluted by the stream.

Shaded by flowery shrubs, and weeping will's,
 That o'er the mirror hang their charms to see ;

* Grotto.

To where a noise sonorous strikes my ear,
 The calm, unruffled, winding lake inclines ;
 From a tall rock its dashing waters bound,†
 On craggy stones, and jutting roots below,
 Thence foaming flow, then suddenly is lost.
 'Twas here, this sad delight of fell despair,
 Unhappy DAMON ended all his woes :
 An adamant heart he long had fought,
 A heart as cold as snow in frigid zones :
 In doleful elegies he told his tale,
 But MIRA cruel, only mock'd his pang.
 Weary of life, in which no sweets he found,
 This rock he fought, at once, to drown his care :
 " Ill-fated wretch ! Oh, what is life to me ?
 " Tho' blest'd with fortune, that might well supply
 " All MIRA's wants, she, proud, my suit disdains.
 " Her cruel scorn no longer I'll endure,
 " But from this steep my hated body fling,
 " And in oblivion bury all my care ;

† Cascade.

" And

" And when the haughty fair is told my fate,

" If she one sigh will deign, or shed one tear,

" My shade, so satisfy'd, shall not regret

" The ills it suffer for her much-lov'd sake."

To hurl him down, two paces back he ran,

And frantic starts---but, lo, he's gently held,

And to his desperate fight his MIRA gleams.

" Rash youth," she cry'd, " Oh, stay thy hasty steps !

" Know, I've a witness been to thy despair,

" And due reward command thy constant flame."

As Sol is seen emerging from a cloud,

So chang'd did DAMON's countenance appear :

He, as the Loves and Graces usher May,

Led the fond, blushing maid to HYMEN's fane.

I wander near a mill,* from DINGLEY's form'd,

Of rage the cause, in lab'rous sawyer's breast.

Who desp'rate, levell'd to the ground the pile.

* Model of Dingley's sawing-mill.

On mount high rais'd, magnificent appears
 A temple plain, furrounded by a grove.
 With noble grace the pillar'd portal stands ;
 Its orb majestic, emblem of the world.
 So's seen of old, a venerable pile,
 Erroneous aim ! by virtuous LATIUM rais'd,
 For deities design'd, and PANTHEON nam'd :
 How lowly was its fall ! Oh, haughty ROME !
 Lux'ry thy proud, thy lofty state o'erthrew,
 Nor could thy deities, impotent, save :
 Sad monument to the exulting globe.
 Aspiring BRITAIN, timely warn'd, beware ;
 Fast stray your heedless sons in ROME's ill steps,
 Led by the same infatuating power.

Across the stream, the grotto courts the view,
 The bridge, grove, pile, and sonorous cascade ;
 And o'er yon lawn, top of a rising hill,
 A pagoda, aspiring, rears its head,
 From whose grand top, neat farms, and rural cots,

C

And

And villas gay, adorn the fertile vale.
 Down the sweet steep exotic plants are rang'd,
 That scent the vernal air with mingled sweets :
 Here oft the curious florist, charm'd, resorts,
 The diverse costly choice, so rare, to view.
 On the lawn's edge, sequester'd from the sun,
 Beneath a gloomy cypress' shade I sit,
 The irreg'lar mansion rising to the view :
 Before it spreads a lovely verdant green,
 With fragrant shrubs and stately trees enrich'd ;
 Beyond, the chrystal lake serene appears,
 With all the various scenes so recent trac'd.

Here oft the happy master, gay inclin'd,
 With youthful sports cheers his declining years ;
 Above vain pride, his servants join the guests,
 To sprightly dance, on Nature's carpet green,
 Inspir'd by SAMPSON'S* animating strings,
 Who fills his empty purse at every wake ;
 The rural rout, the rustic wedding's joy.

* A noted blind fidler of the parish of Beachworth.

He, when an urchin boy, on mischief bent,
 Was oft the first to lead to desp'rate deeds.
 One fatal day, at strife with his compeers,
 A bloody fray ensu'd; swift flew foul dirt;
 And angry passion rais'd then heavy stones,
 Or what their furious hands first grasp or find:
 At distance, thus, the eager battle rag'd;
 Now gain they ground, and now as fast retreat.
 At last, as Chance ordain'd, a craggy stone,
 With well-directed aim, from sinewy arm,
 As heedlessly he star'd, quick struck his eye:
 The wounded champion measures low the ground;
 Vict'ry declar'd the battle at an end.
 But, Oh! the raging pain swift banish'd sight,
 And soon immers'd in blindness both his eyes.
 But Providence, on all who kindly beams,
 Him soon inclin'd to study music's sound.

Alas! a sadd'ning damp o'erspreads my frame,
 Whisp'ring how near, with monitory voice,

Fell Death's approach is to the house of joy ;
 How soon for sable's chang'd the birth-day suit ;
 That he attends the banquet, dance, and ball,
 Infatiate, eager, watching for his prey,
 Oft hurrying swift amid his doleful shades,
 The young, the old, the foolish and the wise.
 Lo ! the dolorous atchment's mournful gloom
 O'er spreads the scene---Alas, HONORIO's gone !
 With him the plaintive poor ne'er met a frown,
 But smiles that cheer'd the woe-benighted heart,
 Benevolence that beam'd content around.

Top of yon hill, where nature's rich display'd,
 To Wisdom's 'quester'd feat * the muse is fled,
 Midst trees, the fond retreat of chatt'ring rooks ;
 Its ancient aspect veneration claim.
 Of early days the massy walls declare

* Beachworth-Castle, lately in the possession of Abraham Tucker, Esq.

The patient work ; tradition's silent
 When it first was rais'd. Below the hill
 The wand'ring Swallow * creeps, and forms a mote :
 Behold an eager croud haste to the hall,
 Anxious to view a youthful blushing maid ;
 Whose countenance embarrass'd speaks her shame :
 She here applies, to bring the rover back
 Who stole her virtue, with infidious art :
 Her piteous tale will meet with due redress,
 For TUCKER fills the magistrat'ial chair,
 Who long has gain'd the love of human kind ;
 The featur'd foul's display'd in his free eye,
 The beam of honour strong, and mercy's shade.

See ! how sublime rise tow'ring in the clouds,
 LEITH hills, a prospect far and wide command,
 Not in fam'd ITALY a fairer's seen ;
 Of vast extent a vale delights the view,
 With corn fields deck'd and rich luxurious meads,

* River Mole.

Fine interspers'd with lofty green cloth'd woods;
 Capacious range of southern hills it bounds,
 Whose chasm wide, displays the expanded sea,
 On which is oft beheld gay spreading sails,
 Forms pleasing contrast to the rural scene.

Behold a happy band near DORKING met,
 Attir'd for sport, on COTMAN's pleasant green;
 At lab'rous play * flies eager to excel :
 From hamlets round, the crouded booths are fill'd
 With motley groups of joyous young and old,
 Who as their fav'rites please, their plaudits give ;
 While youth's behold with steady eye the game,
 The various wiles the old exper'enc'd use,
 Lays by with care, in memory's huge chest,
 The many dext'rous feats they happy view,
 And secret purpose makes, to imitate,
 Or possibly excel, next holiday ;
 When they with pride elate, and manhood full,

* Cricket.

"Tend with their neighb'ring mates to try their skill :
 Mean time the sparkling glafs is handed round,
 While 'duft'rous crones present their dainty cakes,
 Whose weary'd ovens oft have heated been,
 To well supply the hungry rustic croud.
 The long expecting clowns now joyful met,
 With this choice cheer glad treats the ruddy fair :
 And now the double bets, the unwary swain
 To stake his long---long hoarded piece betrays :
 But soon the inticing game, he mournful finds,
 Subject to change, as the uncertain world :
 That Fortune, fickle dame ! insidious smiles,
 Anon frowns fad, and plunges deep in woe.
 Oft had he drove the swift hurl'd ball afar,
 And laugh'd, to see his bold compeers pursue,
 While the big drops roll'd down their heated fides,
 And bufy umpires mark'd the length'ning fcore :
 On him depend the well contefted game.
 But fee ! as he advent'rous swiftly flies,
 The treach'rous ground his nimble feet betray,

Before

Before he eager touch the expectant goal,
 The ball is hurl'd with ever certain aim :
 Oh, dire mischance ! the yielding wicket fall,
 While envious hisses, shouts exulting flow.
 The betting youth, thus woe struck, sorrowful leaves
 The unfinish'd game, no more his happy joy :
 Cursing his fate, and fortune's jilting wiles,
 Nor dares to meet his SUSAN in the eve ;
 The frequent promis'd type she eager waits
 In orchard deep, the lost piece long had lain
 This day design'd to buy the magic gift.

Ah, cursed gaming is the worst of ills,
 The calmest soul it fills with fable storms ;
 Its drear effect from cot to palace's felt.
 The baneful passion, giddy youth, Oh, shun !
 Yon seat * half finish'd, monitory warns,
 There HAZARD plann'd to build a sweet retreat,
 And bounteous Fortune favor'd his design ;

* Seat of — H —, Esq.

Unhappy man ! fell gaming fway'd his foul ;
 One fatal night he loft prodigious fums :
 Soon bufy rumour fpreads the fudden ill.
 The fordid cits, that late fo chearful toil'd,
 Pack up their tools and gloomily retire.

But hark ! loud fhouts proclaim the finifh'd game,
 That rend the fky, the fortunate are hail'd,
 By all the joyous circle far difpers'd :
 The merry bells have catch'd the chearful found ;
 From Dorking's tow'r vibrates the tuneful peal :
 Where on each health born cheek glows florid fmiles ;
 A fovereign cure, its fine falubrious air,
 The ling'ring, weak, confumptive wretch, oft proves.

Ranmer * hills, my vagrant mufe delights,
 Where fpreads a beauteous folitary wood,
 So truly pleafing to a penfive mind ;
 There heaven-born contemplation loves to dwell,

* A pleafant feat of the late Jonathan Tyers, Efq.

With the fair beauteous daughter of the skies,
 Who warms, and cheers, and happy makes the mind.
 Num'rous inscriptions here * are pencil'd round,
 That preach mortality to giddy man.

* Temple in the centre of the wood. On a tomb-stone was the following inscription.

Happy the man, and he alone, appears,
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
 Survey'd this fun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
 Well satisfy'd, returns from whence he came.
 Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
 'Tis repetition all, and nothing new ;
 A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay ;
 An inn, where travellers bait, then post away ;
 A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
 Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost :
 Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain ;
 Hold then ! no farther launch into the main :
 Contract your sails, life nothing can bestow
 By long continuance, but continual woe ;
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore
 The funerals of our friends who go before ;
 Diseases, pains, anxieties and cares,
 And age surrounded with a thousand snares.
 Too oft, th' unthinking part of human kind,
 Punctual in folly, or in vice we find ;
 When pleasure calls, or fancy leads the way,
 The giddiest knows, and keeps th' appointed day :
 While ev'ry trifler cries, " since life's a breath,
 " To-morrow, nothing shall prevent but death."
 Why must the tongue alone that word impart ?
 Why comes it not, ye thoughtless ! from the heart ?
 Why against every other debt prepare,
 And nature's still more certain debt forbear ?
 Death is the certain end of all who live ;
 Health may prolong, but can't the debt forgive.
 Then why procrastinate the wholesome hour,
 When the next moment is beyond our pow'r ?
 Millions have liv'd upon to-morrow's name,
 And, dying, found to-morrow never came.
 Enter the gate---unless your pausing mind
 Unwilling, leaves the glittering world behind !
 These scenes a momentary heav'n can show ;
 For contemplation's all the heav'n we know.

See

See virtuous Truth † divine! the masque of Vice,
 Low thoughted treads, with scorn beneath her feet :
 Her out-stretch'd hand direct to painting's skill,
 The expiring faint, oh, matchless piece! ‡ how calm!
 No guilt-caus'd horrors seize his quiet mind ;
 He seems to quit, without regret or sigh,
 Affur'd of happy change, his clay-form'd cell.
 Oh! may this scene, with emulation fire,
 To deeds that will his blissful state attain ;
 Escaping thus the unbeliever's fate,
 Who seems in horrors dreadful to expire.
 Be mindful of his fate, ye scoffing crew,
 Nor longer shun the mercy-beaming God,
 Left he in vengeance cloath'd at last appears.

Reluctantly I leave this solemn scene,
 Yon seat * to view, by affluence design'd
 To humble pride, humility's visage

† Fine statue of Truth.

‡ Two pieces of painting, by Hayman, as large as life; one representing the dying christian, the other, the unbeliever in his last moments.

* Thatched house, or grove, late the seat of Thomas Vaughan, Esq.

The cottage wears, scarce rising 'bove the road,
 The low-thatch'd roof, and ivy moss run front;
 Whose flinty face breaks through the rural grove.
 Ent'ring I find true elegance display'd,
 Yet not profusely gay, but simply neat.
 Led by a courting grove, I haste where,
 On a small mount, arise a building low,
 Environ'd by plants and fragrant-breathing shrubs,
 And odorif'rous flowers thick interspers'd,
 Ent'ring surpriz'd, a neat lactarium's found,
 Cheerful employ'd the ruddy dairy-maid.
 Near to a ruin'd column stands,
 Part broken off, the rest in ruins lies.
 But now I closer view, conceal'd appears
 An iron handle, high up rais'd out spout,
 From its moss center, a pure limpid stream.

Deep in the intricate grove, which gloomy grows,
 Is seen abstem'ous hermit's peaceful cell:
 Grotesque appear its pebble paved walls,

O'er

O'er which moss and ivy fondly twine;
 A stately oak, which near excludes the light,
 Adds to the finish'd solitary scene.

Sudden appears a venerable man,
 His hoary head, an antient date bespeak;
 Yet more his snowy beard and wrinkled face,
 O'er which fair Health in juv'nile days had plac'd
 Her rosy tints, preserving yet the flow'r;
 And o'er his countenance contentment smiles.
 His dress how clean and neat, tho' coarsely spun!
 A holly crook supports his feeble frame.
 The something which bespoke him better days,
 Inclined me curious to enquire his tale.
 With my request he willingly complies,
 " I once was high, as now I'm lowly sunk,
 " And good paternal state me then did bless;
 " The poor enjoy'd of what I had to spare.
 " But as the brightest sky is oft obscur'd;
 " Not long did I enjoy this happy state.

" I once

- “ I once refus’d a haughty lord’s request,
 “ To purchase lands, I had no cause to sell :
 “ Instant revenge possess’d his cruel breast.
 “ My straying cattle trespass’d on his ground,
 “ His wicked heart enormous damage seeks,
 “ As oft corruption stops the laws clear streams,
 “ So did this long law-suit me bring to woe :
 “ On my estate rapacious harpies seiz’d,
 “ And he the long desired purchase made.
 “ And, oh ! time-serving friends that oft carous’d,
 “ So frequent swore their all was at my will,
 “ Me blame, for what they now litigious deem.
 “ As school-boys frighted shun the haunted ground ;
 “ So they, if chance me meet, cold distance keep :
 “ These flights me urge to leave the hated spot,
 “ And seek obscure retreat, where I might dwell
 “ Far from the sad inconstancy of man.
 “ Tho’ Providence to my bewilder’d fight
 “ Intricate gleams, yet time will doubtless show
 “ Its wise designs, and prove its ways are right.”

An o'er-arch'd walk, winds to a lovely lawn,
 'Terpers'd with trees, and shrubs, and rural seats;
 Stupendous bounded by the lofty hill,
 Whose chalky face conceal'd in liv'ry green,
 The grove's delight, so happily design'd,
 But see the vent'rous boys, on boughs astride,
 Its perpendicular sides, slide swiftly down:
 Ah! heedless, daring youth, why tempt your fate?

SILVES (so story says) who hunting lov'd,
 By his fond bride was warn'd one fatal morn,
 As much he valu'd her, or more his life,
 To stay that day, his sylvan promis'd sport;
 For when soft balmy sleep had clos'd her eyes,
 Strange tale to tell! she visionary saw
 His bloody batter'd corpse drag'd swift along
 By a huge giant fox, a dolorous shade!
 And headlong tofs'd into a dismal cave.
 He laugh'd to hear her serious tell her dream,
 Nor could he brook his gay companions jeer,

So

So mounts his favourite **steed**, pursues the game :
 O'er hill, o'er dale, poor harrafs'd Reynard ran,
 And down this steep he cunning artful flies ;
 Unmindful of the hill, the daring **steed**
 Impetuous follows, marvellous to tell !
 Pac'd softly down, and hamless reach'd the foot.
 Precipitated **SILVES** dizzy grown,
 Ere his bold **steed** had 'scended half the clift,
 Tumbling fell, and met his omen'd fate.

Crossing a rock, alien to **SWALLOW**'s stream,
 A winding walk makes easy the ascent ;
 The ardu's task the **Quarry** * well rewards.
 At the hill's foot, the steepness makes me swim ;
 The slow meand'ring **MOLE** long wand'ring finks,
 Ingulf'd in this impervious retreat ;
 Fair navigation's useful art eludes.†
 For this capacious mount deep cells afford,

* Point of Box-hill so called.

† An attempt was made many years ago to render this stream navigable, but the swallows rendered the undertaking impracticable.

In which the wary gloomy river glides,
Nor rises more, but in oblivion's loft.*

A vale appears, where bright Aurora beams,
Lovely beyond description's power to tell.
Lo ! verd'rous sea-girt CAINE's † lands display'd ;
And SUTH'REA's ‡ group of beauteous woods and fields,
Whose lofty hills abound with fat'ning sheep ;
Oppos'd are ancient woods, the globe that rules.
Rich costly charms grand MIDDLESEX present,
Its monument, and dome, and villas gay :
And pleasant BERROSCIRE, § delicious views !
With WINDSOR's || pride sublime, that pierce the clouds.
To paint the scene imagination fails.
Nor wonder, for, alas ! my CLIO's fled,
And I'm bereav'd of her descriptive power.

Behold, gigantic grows my length'ning shade,
Thick rising mists denote the evening near.

* Agreeable to the modern opinion ; though some think that it rises again at Leatherhead.
† Kent. ‡ Suffex. § Berkshire. || Windsor castle.

See o'er yon western hills the sun declines ;
 In haste he strides---now plunges in the deep---
 He's gone : but lo ! with gold are ting'd the clouds ;
 To welcome CYNTHIA's silver borrow'd rays.
 And hark ! lone Philomel pours forth such strains,
 As make the eager swain, though past the hour
 Which he has fix'd to meet his lovely maid,
 A moment list'ning stay to hear her tale.

N. B. It may be necessary to observe, this poem is printed from a manuscript written in 1772.

F I N I S.